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## THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

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'THERE is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawn-broking,' said Martha Hownley to her brother; 'and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable; you are a sober man: since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing you beside yourself; indeed, I know that weeks pass without your touching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would. And were you to leave "the Grapes" to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish.'—

'I wish I really deserved the compliment,' interrupted Mathew, looking up from his day-book. 'I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits; if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every means in my power, lead others to avoid them.'

'But we must live, Mathew; and your good education would not keep you—we must live!'

'Yes, Martha, we must live! but not the lives of vampires;' and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and seemingly absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity—the small low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in most things; but in her heart of hearts she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said: 'Mathew, what is vampires?'

Mathew made no reply; so Martha—who had been 'brought up to the bar' by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unproductive farm—troubled as usual about 'much serving,' and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shrivelled-up anxieties, as much as by the necessary duties of active life—looked at Mathew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he be thinking of giving up his business, because of that which did not concern him!—but she would 'manage him.' It is strange how low and cunning persons do often manage higher and better natures than their own.

'Martha,' he called at last in a loud voice, 'I cannot afford to give longer credit to Peter Croft.'

'I thought he was one of your best customers: he is an excellent workman; his wife has much to do as a clear-starcher; and I am sure he spends every penny he earns here'—such was Martha's answer.

'And more!' replied Mathew—'more! Why, last

week the score was eighteen shillings—besides what he paid for.'

'He's an honourable man, Mathew,' persisted Martha. 'It is not long since he brought me six tea-spoons and a sugar-tongs, when I refused him brandy (he will have brandy). They must have belonged to his wife, for they had not P. C. on them, but E.—something; I forget what.'

Mathew waxed wroth. 'Have I not told you,' he said—'have I not told you that we must be content with the flesh and blood, without the bones and marrow of these poor drunkards? I am not a pawn-broker to lend money upon a man's ruin. I sell, to be sure, what leads to it, but *that* is his fault, not mine.'

'You said just now it was *yours*,' said his sister sulkily.

'Is it a devil or an angel that prompts your words, Martha?' exclaimed Mathew impatiently; then leaning his pale, thoughtful brow on his clasped hands, he added: 'But, however much I sometimes try to get rid of them, it must be for my good to see facts as they are.'

Martha would talk: she looked upon a last word as a victory. 'He must have sold them whether or not, as he has done all his little household comforts, to pay for what he has honestly drunk; and I might as well have them as any one else. My money paid for them, and in the course of the evening went into your till. It's very hard if, with all my labour, I can't turn an honest penny in a bargain sometimes, without being chid, as if I were a baby.'

'I am sorely beset,' murmured Mathew, closing the book with hasty violence—'sorely beset; the gain on one side, the sin on the other; and she goads me, and puts things in the worst light: never was man so beset,' he repeated helplessly; and he said truly he was 'beset'—by *infirmity of purpose*, that mean, feeble, pitiful frustrator of so many good and glorious intentions.

It is at once a blessed and a wonderful thing how the little grain of 'good seed' will spring up and increase—if the soil be at all productive, how it will fructify! A great stone may be placed right over it, and yet the shoot will forth—*sideways*, perhaps, after a long, noiseless struggle amid the weight of earth—a white, slender thing, like a bit of thread that falls from the clipping scissors of a little heedless maid—creeps up, twists itself round the stone, a little, pale, meek thing, *tending upwards*—becoming a delicate green in the wooing sunlight—strengthening in the morning, when birds are singing—at mid-day, when man is toiling—at night, while men are sleeping, *until it pushes away the stone*, and overshadows its inauspicious birthplace with strength and beauty!

Yes! where good seed has been sown, there is always hope that, one day or other, it will, despite snares and pitfalls, despite scorn and bitterness, despite evil report, despite temptations, despite those wearying backslidings which give the wicked and the idle scoffers ground for rejoicing—sooner or later it will fructify!

All homage to the good seed!—all homage to the good sower!

And who sowed the good seed in the heart of Mathew Hownley? Truly, it would be hard to tell. Perhaps some sower intent on doing his Master's business—perhaps some hand unconscious of the wealth it dropped—perhaps a young child, brimful of love, and faith, and trust in the bright world around—perhaps some gentle woman, whose knowledge was an inspiration rather than an acquirement—perhaps a bold, true preacher of the word, stripping the sinner of the robe that covered his deformity, and holding up his cherished sins as warnings to the world; perhaps it was one of Watts's hymns, learned at his nurse's knee (for Mathew and Martha had endured the unsympathising neglect of a motherless childhood), a little line, never to be forgotten—a whisper, soft, low, enduring—a comfort in trouble, a stronghold in danger, a refuge from despair. O what a world's wealth is there in a simple line of childhood's poetry! Martha herself often quoted the *Busy Bee*; but her bee had no wings; it could muck in the wax, but not fly for the honey. As to Mathew, wherever the seed had come from, there, at all events, it was, struggling but existing—biding its time to burst forth, to bud, and to blossom, and to bear fruit!

The exposure concerning the spoons and sugar-tongs made Mathew so angry, that Martha wished she had never had anything to do with them; but instead of avoiding the fault, she simply resolved in her own mind never again to let Mathew know any of her little transactions in the way of buying or barter—that was all!

Mathew, all that day, continued more thoughtful and silent than usual, which his sister considered a bad sign: he was reserved to his customers—nay, worse—he told a woman she should not give gin to her infant at his bar, and positively refused, the following Sunday, to open his house at all. Martha asked him if he was mad. He replied: 'No;' he was 'regaining his senses.' Then Martha thought it best to let him alone—he had been 'worse'—that is, according to her reading of the word, 'worse' before—taken the 'dumps' in the same way, but recovered, and gone back to his business 'like a man.'

Peter Croft, unable to pay up his score, managed, nevertheless, to pay for what he drank. For a whole week, Martha would not listen to his proposals for payment 'in kind;' even his wife's last shawl could not tempt her, though Martha confessed it was a beauty, and what possible use could Mrs Peter have for it now? It was so out of character with her destitution. She heard no more of it, so probably the wretched husband disposed of it elsewhere: this disappointed her. She might as well have had it; she would not be such a fool again; Mathew was so seldom in the bar, that he could not know what she did!—Time passed on, Martha thought she saw one or two symptoms of what she considered amendment in her brother. 'Of course,' she argued, 'he will come to himself in due time.'

In the twilight which followed that day, Peter Croft, pale, bent, and dirty, the drunkard's redness in his eyes,

the drunkard's fever on his lips, tapped at the door of the room off the bar, which was more particularly Martha's room—it was in fact her watch-tower—the door half glazed, and the green curtain about an inch from the middle division; over this, the sharp observant woman might see whatever occurred, and no one could go in or out without her knowledge.

She did not say, 'Come in,' at once; she longed to know what new temptation he had brought her, for she felt assured he had neither money nor credit left.

And yet she feared—'Mathew made such a worry out of every little thing.' The next time he tapped at the window of the door, her eyes met his over the curtain, and then she said, 'Come in,' in a penetrating sharp voice, which was anything but an invitation.

'I have brought you something now, Miss Hownley, that I know you won't refuse to lend me a trifle on,' said the ruined tradesman; 'I am sure you won't refuse, Miss Hownley. Bad as I want the money, I could not take it to a pawn-broker; and if the woman asks for it, I can say I lent it, Miss Hownley—you know I can say that.'

Peter Croft laid a BIBLE on the table, and folding back the pages with his trembling fingers, shewed that it was abundantly illustrated by fine engravings. Martha loved 'pictures:' she had taken to pieces a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and varying the devotional engravings it had contained with abundant cuttings out from illustrated newspapers, and a few coloured caricatures, had covered one side of a screen, which, when finished, she considered would be at once the comfort and amusement of her old age. After the drunkard had partially exhibited its contents, he stood by with stolid indifference, while she measured the engravings with her eye, looking ever and anon towards the screen. 'Very well,' she said, uttering a deliberate untruth with her lips, while her mind was made up what to do—'very well; what did you say you wanted for it?' He repeated the sum: she took out exactly half, and laid the shining temptation on the table before him.

'Have you the heart, Miss Hownley,' he said, while fingering, rather than counting the money—'have you the heart to offer me such a little for such a great deal?'

'If you have the heart to sell it, I may have the heart to offer such a price,' she answered with a light laugh; 'and it is only a DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.'

Peter Croft dashed the money from him with a bitter oath.

'Oh, very well,' she said; 'take it—or leave it.'

She resumed her work.

The only purpose to which a drunkard is firm, is to his own ruin. Peter went to the door, returned, took up the money—'Another shilling, miss? it will be in the till again before morning.'

Martha gave him the other shilling; and after he was fairly out of the room, grappled the book, commenced looking at the pictures in right earnest, and congratulated herself on her good bargain. In due time, the house was cleared, and she went to bed, placing the Bible on the top of her table, amongst a miscellaneous collection of worn-out dusters and tattered glass-cloths 'waiting to be mended.'

That night the master of 'the Grapes' could not sleep; more than once he fancied he smelt fire; and after going into the unoccupied rooms, and peeping through the keyholes and under the doors of those

that were occupied, he descended to the bar, and finally entering the little bar-parlour, took his day-book from a shelf, and placing the candle, sat down, listlessly turning over its leaves, but the top of the table would not shut, and raising it to remove the obstruction, Mathew saw a large family BIBLE; pushing away the day-book, he opened the sacred volume.

It opened at the 23d chapter of Proverbs, and, as if guided by a sacred light, his eyes fell upon the 29th verse, and he read:

'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

'They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!'

He dashed over the leaves in fierce displeasure, and, as if of themselves, they folded back at the 5th of Galatians: 'Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall NOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD.'

'New and Old, New and Old,' murmured Mathew to himself: 'I am condemned alike by the Old and the New Testament.' He had regarded intoxication and its consequences heretofore as a great social evil; the fluttering rags and the fleshless bones of the drunkard and his family, the broils, the contentions, the ill-feeling, the violence, the murders wrought by the dread spirit of alcohol, had stood in array before him as social crimes, as social dangers; but he did not call to mind, if he really knew, that the Word of God exposed alike its destruction and its sinfulness. He was one of the many who, however good and moral in themselves, shut their ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely; and though he often found wisdom and consolation in a line of Watts's hymns, he rarely went to the Fountain of living waters for the strengthening and refreshing of his soul. He turned over the chapter, and found on the next page a collection of texts, written upon a strip of paper in the careful hand of one to whom writing was evidently not a frequent occupation.

Proverbs the 23d chap.—'For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.' 1 Corinthians, 6th chap. 10th verse.—'Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.'

'Again that awful threat!' murmured Mathew; 'and have I been the means of bringing so many of my fellow-creatures under its ban?'

1 Samuel, the 1st chap.—'And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee.' Luke 21.—'And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.'

'Ay, THAT DAY,' repeated the landlord—'that day, the day that must come.'

Ephesians, 5th chap.—'And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.' Proverbs, 20th chap.—'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' 'Woe to thee who selleth wine to thy neighbour, and minglcth strong drink to his destruction.'

He rose from the table, and paced up and down the little room; no eye but His who seeth all things looked upon the earnestness and agitation of that man; no ear but the All-hearing heard his sighs, his half-muttered prayers to be strengthened for good. He said within himself: 'Who will counsel me in this matter?—to

whom shall I fly for sympathy?—who will tell me what I ought to do?—how remedy the evils I have brought on others while in this business, even when my heart was alive to its wickedness?' He had no friend to advise with—none who would do aught but laugh at and ridicule the idea of giving up a good business for conscience' sake; but so it was that it occurred to him—'You have an Immortal Friend, take counsel of Him—pray to Him—learn of Him—trust Him; make His Book your guide;' and opening the Bible he read one other passage. 'Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last.'

Pondering on this blessed rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first fly-leaf, wherein were written the births, marriages, and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged; and therein, second on the list, he saw in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name—EMMA HANBY, only daughter of James and Mary-Jane Hanby, born so-and-so, married at such a date to PETER CROFT!

'Emma Hanby'—born in his native village; the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to school—by whose side in boy-love he had sat in the meadows—for whom he had gathered flowers—whose milk-pail he had so often lifted over the church-stile—whom he had loved as he never could or did love woman since—whom he would have married, if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall, yellow, awkward youth whom it was her pastime to laugh at, and her delight to call 'Daddy'—was she then the wife—the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted, broken-spirited wife of the drunkard Peter Croft! It seemed impossible; her memory had been such a sunbeam from boyhood up; the refiner of his nature—the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its heat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child sounded like the laugh he once thought music; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

'And I have helped to bring her to this,' he repeated over and over to himself; 'even I have done this—this has been my doing.' He might have consoled himself by the argument, that if Peter Croft had not drunk at 'the Grapes,' he would have drunk somewhere else; but his seared conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down, at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Mathew, carrying with him the *Drunkard's Bible*, sought his bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—blear-eyed, trembling, ghastly spectres, pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestilential breath, they demanded 'who had sold them poison.' Women, too—drunkards, or drunkards' wives—in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the steam of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its munificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a veil before his bedroom window.

To Mathew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before; but he thought of and felt it then, and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the



poor Drunkard's Bible. Mathew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions—the emotions of his early and better nature—and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was—that God would have mercy upon him, and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others—to be God's instrument for good to his fellow-creatures; to minister to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind. Oh, if God would but mend the broken vessel, if he would but heal the bruised reed, if he would but receive him into his flock! Oh, how often he repeated: "God give me strength! Lord strengthen me!"

And he arose, as all arise after steadfast prayer—strengthened—and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed.

"I had," he said, "fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform; I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left; there it was, written in letters of light. I went down stairs, I unlocked the street-door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front, and with my own hands, in the gray, soft haze of morning, I tore down the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. "The Grapes" lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succour those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters have been suddenly struck off; a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to Heaven; I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a "respectable man," and an "honest publican," I *knew* that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—deaths of many of those careless drinkers, who had "sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause," even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause, knew that they "bit like serpents and stung like adders." What a knave I had been! erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow-creatures! talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bouncing brandy, could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church, as if I were a practical Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a "Stand by, I am holier than thou!" in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

"Bitter, but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled, and rolled, and seethed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the Thames. "Away they go!" I said; "their power is past; they will never more turn the staggering workman into the streets, or nerve his arm to strike down the wife or child he is bound by the law of God and man to protect; never more send the self-inflicted fever of *delirium-tremens* through the

swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a supperless bed; never more blister the lips of woman, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache, which induced the prayerless Sunday. Away—away! would that I had the power to so set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape of the world!" As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved; the more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs; as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind gathered themselves into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission; I would be a Temperance Missionary to the end of my days! I would seek out the worst amongst those who had frequented "the Grapes," and pour counsel and advice—the earnest counsel and the earnest advice of a purely disinterested man—into ears so long deaf to the voice of the charmer. I was a free man, no longer filling my purse with the purchase-money of sorrow, sin, and death. I owed the sinners, confirmed to lead the old life of sin in my house—I owed them atonement. But what did I not long to do for that poor Emma? When I thought of her—of her once cheerfulness, her once innocence, her once beauty—I could have cursed myself. Suddenly my sister shook the door. She entreated me to come forth, for some one had torn down our sign, and flung it in the kennel. When I shewed her the dripping taps and the broken bottles, she called me, and believed me mad; she never understood me, but less than ever then. I had, of course, more than one scene with her; and when I told her that, instead of ale, I should sell coffee, and substitute tea for brandy, she, like too many others, attaching an idea of feebleness and duplicity, and want of respectability to Temperance, resolved to find another home. We passed a stormy hour together, and amongst many things, she claimed the Drunkard's Bible; but that I would not part with.

"I lost no time in finding the dwelling of Peter Croft. Poor Emma! If I had met her in the broad sunshine of a June day, I should not have known her; if I had heard her speak, I should have recognised her voice among a thousand. Misery for her had done its worst. She upbraided me as I deserved. "You," she said, "and such as you, content with your own safety, never think of the safety of others. You take care to avoid the tarnish and wretchedness of drunkenness yourselves, while you entice others to sin. Moderation is your safeguard; but when did you think it a virtue in your customers?"

"I told her what I had done, that in future mine would be strictly a Temperance house; that I would by every means in my power undo the evil I had done.

"Will that," she answered in low deep tones of anguish—"will that restore what I have lost?—will it restore my husband's character?—will it save him, even if converted, from self-reproach?—will it open the grave, and give me back the child, my first-born, who, delicate from its cradle, could not endure the want of heat and food, which the others have still to bear?—will it give us back the means squandered in your house?—will it efface the memory of the drunkard's songs, and the impurity of the drunkard's acts? O Mathew! that you should thrive and live, and grow rich and respectable, by what debased and debauched your fellow-creatures. Look!" she added, and her words pierced my heart—"look! had I my young days over again, I would rather—supposing that love had nothing to do with my choice—I would rather appear with my poor degraded husband, bad as he has been, and is, at the bar of God, than kneel there as your wife! You, cool-

headed and moderate by nature, knowing right from wrong, well educated, yet tempting, tempting others to the destruction which gave you food and plenishing—your fine *gin-palace*! your comfortable rooms! your intoxicating drinks! the pleasant company! all, all! wiling the tradesman from his home, from his wife, from his children, and sending him back when the stars are fading in the daylight. Oh! to what a home! Oh! in what a state!

"I do think, as you stand there, Mathew Hownley, well dressed, and well fed, and respectable—yes, that is the word, '*respectable*!'—that you are, at this moment, in the eyes of the Almighty, a greater criminal than my poor husband, who is lying upon straw with madness in his brain, trembling in every limb, without even a *Bible* to tell him of the mercy which Christ's death procured for the penitent sinner at the eleventh hour!"

"I laid her own Bible before her. I did not ask her to spare me: every word was true—I deserved it all. I went forth; I sent coal, and food, and clothing into that wretched room; I sent a physician; I prayed by the bedside of Peter Croft, as if he had been a dear brother. I found him truly penitent; and with all the resolves for amendment which so often fade in the sunshine of health and strength, he waited over his lost time, his lost means, his lost character—all lost; all God had given—health, strength, happiness, all gone—all but the love of his ill-used and neglected wife; that had never died! "And remember," she said to me, "there are hundreds, thousands of cases as sad as his in England, in the Christian land we live in! Strong drink fills our jails and hospitals with sin, with crime, with disease, with death; its mission is sin and sorrow to man, woman, and child; under the cloak of good-fellowship it draws men together, and the "good-fellowship" poisons heart and mind! Men become mad under its influence. Would any man not mad, squander his money, his character, and bring himself and all he is bound to cherish to the verge of the pauper's grave; nay, into it? Of five families in this wretched house, the mothers of three, and the fathers of four, never go to their ragged beds sober; yet they tell me good men, wise men, great men, refuse to promote temperance. Oh, they have never seen how the half-pint grows to the pint—the pint to the quart—the quart to the gallon! They have never watched for the drunkard's return, or experienced his neglect or ill-usage—never had the last penny for their children's bread turned into spirits—never woke to the knowledge, that though the snow of December be a foot on the ground, there is neither food nor fire to strengthen for the day's toil!"

"Poor Emma! she spoke like one inspired; and though her spirit was sustained neither by flesh nor blood, she seemed to find relief in words.

"When I spoke to her of the future with hope, she would not listen. "No," she said, "my hope for him and for myself is beyond the grave. He cannot rally; those fierce drinks have branded his vitals, burnt into them. Life is not for either of us. I wish his fate, and mine, could warn those around us; but the drunkard day after day sees the drunkard laid in his grave, and before the last earth is thrown upon the coffin, the quick is following the example set by the dead—of another, and another glass!"

"She was right. Peter's days were numbered; and when she knelt beside his coffin, she thanked God for his penitence, and offered up a prayer that she might be spared a little longer for her children's sake. That prayer gave me hope: she had not spoken then of hope except of that beyond the grave.

"My friends jested at my attention to the young widow, and perhaps I urged her too soon to become my wife. She turned away, with a feeling which I would not, if I could, express. Her heart was still with her

husband, and she found no rest until she was placed beside him in the crowded church-yard. The children live on—the son, with the unreasoning craving for strong drink which is so frequently the inheritance of the drunkard's child; the daughters, poor, weakly creatures—one, that little deformed girl who sits behind the tea-counter, and whose voice is so like her mother's; the other, a suffering creature, unable to leave her bed, and who occupies a little room at the top of what was "the Grapes." Her window looks out upon a number of flower-pots, whose green leaves and struggling blossoms are coated with blacks, but she thinks them the freshest and most beautiful in the world!"

#### ANCIENT ENGLAND.

WHILE dreaming over those dim and undated relics, the Welsh Triads, which allude to events that transpired in our island centuries before its silence was broken by the sound of the Roman trumpets, we have endeavoured to obtain a glimpse of England as it was in ancient times. These mysterious fragments lie like the wrecks of an old world on the shores of the sea of Time; and all we can see through the gray twilight of traditions handed down through a long line of bards that seem as shadowy as Banquo's kings, is the form of Prydian the son of Aedd, who came 'over the hazy ocean from the Country of Summer,' and who, according to these ancient Triads, when he first landed on our shores, 'found no man alive, nor anything but bears, wolves, beavers, and the oxen (bison) with the high prominence.' Further we read, that through the number of bees he found, he first called England 'the Island of Honey.' From this we know that there was a pleasant murmur among the flowers which grew in those wild and untrodden forests, long before the gray pillars of Stonehenge—those bleached bones of this old world—stood in the primeval solitude where they still sleep; and Prydian, or Briton, from whom our island is supposed to have been named, may, after all, be but the dream of some forgotten British bard; or he may have been some old Cymric hunter, who, landing on a lonely part of the island, chased the maned bison and the gray wolf of the wild, and clothed himself in the skins of the beasts of the chase. Perchance he pitched his rude hut by some forest fastness that looked over the sea; and on some stormy day a rude chiuile, or boat, hollowed from the trunk of a gigantic tree—many of which have been found in the deep beds of our ancient rivers—might be blown upon the beach, and with it some British mother, whose young barbarians, on a future day, would hunt the cave-bear along that windy shore, and by their shouts drive the glossy beaver—that old builder—to his burrow.

The sunsets of those forgotten summers flashed not, as now, on walled cities and tall spires that point heavenward, as if to direct our thoughts to another home beyond the grave, but gilded the tops of tall trees—a land of forests—through the underwood of which the tusked boar rushed, and the shaggy bison bellowed; while high overhead the broad-winged eagle screamed. The foot of no friendly patrol passed with measured step, keeping watch around the wattle hut, or by the sandy cave in which these 'gray forefathers' of the forest slept; but the long howl of the gaunt wolf startled the silence of those forgotten midnight, as his footfall rustled among the fallen leaves, while he prowled round those primitive thresholds scenting out his prey. What are now the velvet valleys of green England, were

then, in the lower plains, leagues of silty marsh, and sinking morass, and inland meres—bordered with tufted rushes and sword-like water-flags; while between the black bulrushes—which at every breeze bowed to one another—the wild-swan sailed, arching her silver neck, and the dark water-hen clove the sunny ripples as she headed her dusky brood, undisturbed by either the voice or the footfall of man. The old rivers were then mastless, though sometimes the reeds by the margin were rocked as the ancient Cymry paddled by in his wicker-*coracle*, or left the print of his footsteps on the muddy shore as he carried his basket-boat on his back to some more distant river. Had Time hardened that footmark into a slab, such as bears the impress of the steps of extinct animals, it would have borne the mark of the thongs of raw hide which bound the soles—formed of the untanned skin of some beast of the chase—to his feet. We still find under the gray cairn, or green barrow that marks his grave, the hatchet of stone and arrow-head of flint which he used in war or the chase, long before his descendants drove those terrible chariots, with scythes projecting from the wheels, through Caesar's cohorts, and scattered his Roman eagles. In subterranean chambers—under the floors of which even then, though unknown to him, reposed the remains of mammoth and hippopotami, the saw-toothed tiger, and many another extinct animal that, ages before he was born, roamed over this ancient island—he stored his corn, and kept in his wicker-basket the salt which he exchanged his tin for with the adventurous Phœnicians—those old voyagers, whose ships visited our shores centuries before the keel of a Roman galley had ever grated over the shingles that strew our wind-beaten beaches. When wearied with war or the chase, he threw himself down at night to rest on his couch of grass, dried leaves, or rushes, and covered his body—which was punctured with the forms of monsters and Druidical emblems—with the blue cloak or *sagum*, which he dyed with the same plant that he used for staining himself; or in winter weather with the skins of his own cattle, or those he had slain in the wild forests. His seat was a portion of the round stem of a tree; and out of the same material he formed rude trenchers and rugged bowls, and in the course of time made vessels of clay, which he baked in the sun. When he pastured his flocks and herds, or sowed his rude harvest in the open plains, near to another man's land, his boundary-line was marked by stones, such as were used by the Eastern patriarchs, and are mentioned in Scripture, where it is written: 'Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.' But he knew nothing of the Bible nor of God; no gospel-trumpet had as yet shaken the old oaks, under which he worshipped his idols, with its sound; nor had the name of the Most High startled the bearded Druid from the heathen altar, where he offered up human sacrifices, in the gloomy groves of those wildering forests. Though long since gone, we can still picture him, through the eye of the imagination, wearing his flowing garments, which look whiter beside the dark foliage under which he stands, with the golden pruning-hook in his hand, ready to cut the pearly-berried mistletoe, which was held sacred in his pagan rites. Perchance that arch-Druid in his soul spurned the blinded believers who gathered around him, and bowed their slavish backs, making themselves stepping-stones, on which he planted his feet as he ascended the aged oak; and gathered closer the folds of his garments, as if he feared that they would become contaminated through touching those benighted worshippers he held in thrall. His power seemed to stretch beyond the grave; for he taught them to believe, that in the howling winds which went moaning and groaning through the dark midnights that settled down upon those dim and shadowy forests, they heard the voices of those departed spirits he had doomed to wander

through the wild air for evermore, for having, while living, rebelled against his cruel creed. With what awe and fear would they gaze on the fabulous egg which, cased with gold, he wore suspended from his neck! That egg, as they were taught to believe, was engendered by fiery serpents while they struggled together in the air, and was caught in its fall by a mounted horseman, who rode off with it at breathless speed, followed by the hissing and fiery reptiles, who would have devoured if they had overtaken him. The few fragments of the hymns he chanted that have been preserved, are to us a mystery. We know nothing about 'the cattle of the deep' to which they allude, nor 'the caldron that would not boil the food of a coward.' The gray oracle of Stonehenge to us is for ever dumb.

Two or three centuries pass away, and a great change has come over the face of this ancient England—there is a Roman stamp upon its features, and a classic look about its cities: it has improved under the hands of its conquerors; whichever way the eye is turned, there are signs of civilisation. Instead of wattled and reedy huts standing by the spongy swamp or gloomy forest, we now find walled cities, and see stretching over the landscape long lines of road straight as an arrow, while corn waves on the uplands, and flocks and herds bleat and low from pastures knee-deep in summer grass. Fruit-trees throw their rich array of blossoms over the scene; and though their corn is taxed, their fruit tithed, and heavy levies laid on their cattle by the conquerors who have wrought this wonderful change—and though they have lost somewhat of their wild martial spirit, they are no longer the savage hunters, who, clad in skins, dwelt in caves and branch-woven huts; for now Roman arches span their streets, and Roman temples tower above their tessellated pavements. The wolf was now left to howl in the forest depths, where the old Druidical altar lay overthrown, and half buried in the underwood; for saving where the lonely homestead arose amid some far-off pasture, he no longer prowled around the habitation of man. Instead of hewing out rude wooden bowls with his stone-headed hatchet, or burning hollow the trunk of some gigantic tree to form his boat, the Briton, under his Roman master, had learned to use the potter's wheel, and build his ship with ribs and planks, and had thrown aside his wicker-*coracle* covered with the black bull's hide. Here and there, he had also heard tidings of the Gospel from the Roman soldiers, and faint rumours of the Great Redeemer who, over the far-off seas, had been crucified on that cross, which was so soon to supplant the image of Mars, and rise high above the Roman temples erected to the goddess of Victory. A new and holier Spirit sat brooding over the waters that washed our island-shores, since Mona's Druid oaks were uprooted and her wretched priests dispersed. Still, there were barbaric hordes, who, like the sea, were ever pouring in, and washing away the traces of civilisation; and against these the mighty conquerors could erect no better barriers than leagues of heavy walls, and broad ramparts flanked with towers and battlements, on which their lonely sentinels kept weary watch over wild wolds and savage moorlands: sometimes marching from fort to fort when summoned by the red glare of the beacon-fire to attack the undaunted assailants—the only change in their monotonous duties. The old Cymry seemed more secure in their forest-fastnesses, to which no broad level road led, than in the walled cities and pillared streets which he now paraded, wearing his golden torques and displaying his Roman finery; and thereby tempting those rough warriors from the stormy north to struggle for the spoil, while his own grim old scythe-wheeled chariots lay rusting, rotting, and forgotten. He was so altered, that he seemed never to have belonged to the hardy race who, foot to foot, and shoulder to shoulder, disputed the



possession of this ancient island with the legions led on by Julius Cæsar, and left them at last but little more ground than what they were encamped upon. Strange mystery! as his mind expanded, and he became more refined, he was less able to combat with the barbaric hordes that overran his native land: as he laid aside his brutal power, and became more a man, he almost ceased to be a hero; and when his Roman conquerors left him, he sat wringing his hands and weeping like a child. The spirit of Cassibellanus and Caractacus had fled.

Their Roman masters had now work enough on their own hands, in their own country: they left the poor Britons hard bestead, telling them, as if in mockery, that they were then free; but, as the author of *Waverley* says, 'their parting exhortation to them to stand in their own defence, and their affectation of having, by abandoning the island, restored them to freedom, were as cruel as it would be to restore a domesticated bird or animal to shift for itself, after having been from its birth fed and supplied by the hand of man.' But they did not give themselves up to despair all at once, nor sit with folded arms calmly resigned to whatever might befall; they made some little struggle to prop up the old roof-tree and defend the ancient hearth. Alas! all was useless; and they were at last compelled to beckon to the stormy warriors who hung about their coast; and then the Saxons landed on their island-shore, fought and defended them for a short time, and finally settled down and took possession, driving the old Cymry to rocky Cornwall and mountainous Wales.

A new race now stood upon the shores of this ancient England—a grim Gothic tribe, who worshipped Odin, and aspired to the brutal heaven of Valhalla, there to eat of that fabulous boar whose flesh never diminished, and drink mead out of the skulls of their enemies. Those who fell not in the red ranks of battle, dwelt for ever, after death, with Hela the terrible, in the Hall of Cowards; and the only prayers they offered up were, that they might die in the combat, and so pass at once, while their wounds were still fresh, to the halls of their heathen heaven. The howling of the storm and the roaring of the waves were to their ears pleasant music—for they sprang from the same race as those brave old Sea-kings who followed in their wake, and for many a long and after-year contended for the possession of the island-home which Hengist and Horsa had won. After this period, we have the light of history to guide us, and no longer grope blindly through the old twilight of time along this shore strewn with the wrecks of an ancient world, and of which almost every trace of its early inhabitants is swept away. The few fragments that are left of their language, like the waves of the ancient ocean, have a mysterious murmur of their own, which we can never clearly understand; for the thoughts of these people were not our thoughts; nor beyond the few rude hints which we have thrown together, can their manners or customs ever be known. Under the cromlech or the cairn, or in the hollow cist hewn from some mighty tree, they lay down and took their long sleep, without a thought of posterity, or a care as to the conclusions after-ages might arrive at regarding the few rude monuments they left behind. We might as well ask the old sea that is working away fathoms below at new caves on the level beach, when it formed those so high over our heads, and hope to receive an answer, as ever expect to know who first owned the hatchet of stone and spear-head of flint which we find in those ancient graves, the old British barrows. Who first called England the Island of Honey—or named it the Country of Sea-cliffs—or sailed from that mysterious Land of Summer—or heard the first murmur of the bees in our savage and untrodden forests—we can never know. We look back through the ancient gates of Stonehenge, and know that in old-forgotten mornings busy builders were employed there; but who

they were, or from whence they came, they have left no record to tell; and while pausing for a reply, we seem to hear a solemn voice exclaim: 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further!'

### THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

The vast tract of country through which the great river Amazon flows, has recently attracted considerable attention both in Europe and America. Lieutenant Herndon's valuable book on this subject, just published, deserves the twofold praise of being opportune and really instructive.\* The mere fact of its being the account of an official mission to explore and report on the Valley of the Amazon, undertaken at the command of the United States' government, is a guarantee that the author has not written heedlessly, or set down crude first impressions, or mere conjecture as facts. As he speaks with the straightforwardness of authority and personal knowledge, we shall make his work the text-book of some of our observations on this magnificent region.

The origin of the name Amazon carries us back to Francisco Orellana, the first European navigator of the river. In his account of his perilous voyage, he does not omit a fine stock of marvels. Among them, he speaks of seeing bands of armed women along the banks of the river throughout a great tract of country; and concluding that they used as well as bore arms, he named the river, *the River of the Amazons*, and the country through which it flowed, Amazonia, which it long retained. His own name is also frequently applied to the river by old geographers; and the poets, who love justice of this kind, do not forget to call the river the Orellana. For instance, Thomson—

Swelled by a thousand streams impetuous hurled  
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends  
The mighty Orellana.

The Amazons seen by Orellana and his companions were, in reality, women with arms in their hands; but they carried these arms in their capacity of attendants upon their husbands, who were then, as their descendants still are, to all intents and purposes, the lords and masters of their wives. In no part of the world is the subjection of the woman to the man more complete than in the Valley of the Amazon; nor can any name be less appropriate than the common one given to the Orellana. Lieutenant Herndon, without moralising on the fact, bears sufficient witness to the contempt and indifference of the various tribes of Indians in this region towards their wives. He was surprised to see strong young men among them, whom he had engaged as boatmen, allow pretty, slender girls to carry all their necessary accoutrements, and even their oars or paddles for them, while they walked first in unencumbered dignity—nor returned so much as a word or look of gracious acknowledgment when the deferential slaves followed them on board and deposited their burdens. Idleness is the *summum bonum* with nearly all these tribes; hunting, fishing, and rowing are all their employments. The women are made to do all the other work, and a sorry life they must have of it. On the Ucayale, however—one of the Peruvian tributaries of the Amazon—he speaks of the Indian savages as more active and warlike than the other dwellers on its shores; and one tribe among them he speaks of from the report of the Spanish missionaries, and also from that of Mr Smyth, a well-known preceding traveller, which is somewhat astonishing in that world of lazy enjoyment.

These people are called Sencis; they cultivate the land in common, and are such appreciators of industry,

\* *Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon*. By Lieut. Wm. Lewis Herndon, U.S. Navy. With Map and Plates. Taylor and Maury, Washington; Trübner & Co., London.

that they kill all those who are idle or do not perform their fair share of work. They have attained to the social elevation so much admired, in theory, by one of our great living philosophers; and their Captains of Industry are not obliged to 'cut prejudice against the grain.'

In obedience to his orders, Lieutenant Herndon determined to explore as much as possible of the entire basin or water-shed drained by the Amazon and its tributaries. He therefore divided his party, taking the upper part and main stream himself, and sending his second in command, passed midshipman Lardner Gibbon, to explore the great southern tributary, the Madeira, and its chief branches. Enough is made known by the present work, to establish the fact that a commercial navigation of the Amazon from Pará to Nanta, and even higher, would be easy, and of the greatest advantage to Europe and North America, for a richer or more productive soil does not exist. Let Mr Herndon speak on this subject: 'This land is of unrivalled fertility: on account of its geographical situation, and topographical and geological formation, it produces nearly everything essential to the comfort and wellbeing of man. On the top and eastern slope of the Andes lie hid unimaginable quantities of silver, iron, coal, copper, and quicksilver, waiting but the application of science and the hand of industry for their development. The successful working of the quicksilver mines of Huancavelica, would add several millions of silver to the annual product of Cerro de Pasco alone. Many of the streams that dash from the summit of the Cordilleras, wash gold from the mountain-side, and deposit it in the hollows and gulches as they pass. Barley, quinna, and potatoes, best grown in a cold, with wheat, rye, maize, clover, and tobacco, products of a temperate region, deck the mountain-side and beautify the valley; while immense herds of sheep, llamas, alpacas, and vicuñas, feed upon those elevated plains, and yield wool of the finest and longest staple.

'Descending towards the plain, and only for a few miles, the eye of the traveller from the temperate zone is held with wonder and delight by the beautiful and strange productions of the torrid. He sees, for the first time, the symmetrical coffee-bush, rich with its dark-green leaves, its pure white blossoms, and its gay red fruit. The prolific plantain, with its great waving fan-like leaf, and immense pendent branches of golden-looking fruit, enchains his attention. The sugar-cane waves in rank luxuriance before him; and if he be familiar with southern plantations, his heart swells with emotion as the gay, yellow blossom and white boll of the cotton sets before his mind's-eye the familiar scenes of home. Fruits, too, of the finest quality and most luscious flavour grow here—oranges, lemons, bananas, pine-apples, melons, chirimoyas, &c.

'It is sad to recollect, that in this beautiful country—I have before me the valley of the Chanchamayo—men should have offered me title-deeds in gratitude to as much of this rich land as I wanted. Many of the inhabitants of Tarma hold grants of land in the Chanchamayo country from the government, but are so distrustful of its ability to protect them in their labours from the encroachments of the savages, that they do not cultivate them.

'The country everywhere in Peru, at the eastern foot of the Andes, is such as I have described above. Further down, we find the productions of a country which is occasionally overflowed, and then subjected, with still occasional showers, to the influence of a tropical sun. From these causes, we see a fecundity of soil and a rapidity of vegetation that are marvellous, and to which even Egypt, the ancient granary of Europe, affords no parallel, because, though similar in some other respects, this country has the advantage of Egypt in that there is no drought. Here, trees evidently young, shoot up to such a height, that

no fowling-piece will reach the game seated on their topmost branches; and with such rapidity, that the roots have not strength or sufficient hold upon the soil to support their weight; and they are continually falling, borne down by the slightest breeze, or by the mass of parasites and creepers that envelop them from root to top.

'This is the country of rice, of sarsaparilla, of India-rubber, balsam copaiba, gum-copal, animal and vegetable wax, cocoa, Brazilian nutmeg, Tonka-beans, ginger, black-pepper, arrow-root, tapioca annatto, indigo, sapacain, and Brazil-nuts; dyes of the gayest colours, drugs of rare virtue, variegated cabinet-woods of the finest grain, and susceptible of the highest polish. The forests are filled with game, and the rivers stocked with turtle and fish. Here dwell the anta or wild-cow, the Peisci boi or fish-ox, the sloth, the ant-eater, the beautiful black tiger, the mysterious electric eel, the boa constrictor, the anaconda, the deadly coral snake, the voracious alligator, monkeys in endless variety, birds of the most brilliant plumage, and insects of the strangest forms and gayest colours.

'The climate of this country is salubrious, and the temperature agreeable. The direct rays of the sun are tempered by an almost constant east wind, laden with moisture from the ocean, so that one never suffers either from heat or cold.'

Of the great centre and source of this fertility, the river Amazon itself, Mr Herndon speaks with admiration:—'The march of the great river in its silent grandeur was sublime; but in the untamed might of its turbid waters, as they cut away its banks, tore down the gigantic denizens of the forest, and built up islands, it was awful. It rolled through the wilderness with a stately and solemn air. Its waters looked angry, sullen, and relentless; and the whole scene awoke emotions of awe and dread, such as are caused by the funeral solemnities, the minute-gun, the howl of the wind, and the angry tossing of the waves, when all hands are called to bury the dead in a troubled sea. I was reminded of our Mississippi at its topmost flood; the waters are quite as muddy and quite as turbid; but this stream lacked the charm and the fascination which the plantation upon the bank, the city upon the bluff, and the steam-boat upon its waters, lend to its fellow of the north; nevertheless, I felt pleased at its sight. I had already travelled 700 miles by its water, and fancied that this powerful stream would soon carry me to the ocean; but the water-travel was comparatively just begun: many a weary month was to elapse before I should again look on the face of the sea; and many a time, when worn and wearied with the canoe-life, did I exclaim: "This river seems interminable!"

'Its capacities for trade and commerce are inconceivably great; its industrial future is the most dazzling; and to the touch of steam, settlement, and cultivation, this rolling stream and magnificent water-shed would start up into a display of industrial results, that would indicate the Valley of the Amazon as one of the most enchanting regions on the face of the earth.'

Among the fruits which grow well without cultivation in some parts of this enormous valley, are pine-apples and grapes; the latter are so good, that a very moderate amount of skill and labour would make this an important wine-growing country.

Mr Herndon speaks with approval of a substitute for bread, made by the women of all the Indian tribes along the Amazon, in Brazil, and an important article of consumption among them. It is called *farinha*, and is made from the root of the mandioc (*Jatropha manihot*), from which the tapioca of our nursery puddings is also prepared. Salt fish and farinha are all the food the Brazilian boatmen on the Amazon care to have in a general way, although young monkeys roasted are easily obtainable, and are pronounced by our author to be very good eating.



An important article of commerce, even in the present uncultivated state of the Amazon Valley, is India-rubber, called there *seringa*. The district where this trade is carried on is, of course, where the India-rubber trees are most abundant—namely, at the estuary of the river, on the main banks, and on the great island Marajo, and its numerous smaller isles. The season for gathering the *seringa* is from July to January. Incisions are made in the bark of the tree, whence a milk-white sap or gum flows freely, and is caught in vessels placed below. The people employed to gather and dry the *seringa* are called *seringeros*. An industrious man is able to make sixteen pounds of rubber in a day, but the lazy Indians seldom average more than three or four pounds. Sarsaparilla and tobacco are also among the more noted products of the country.

The estuary of the Amazon is remarkable. Mr Herndon thus describes it:—'About thirty-five miles below Gurupá commences the great estuary of the Amazon. The river suddenly flows out into an immense bay, which is probably 150 miles across in its widest part. This might appropriately be called the Bay of the Thousand Islands, for it is cut up into innumerable channels. The great island of Marajo, which contains about 10,000 square miles, occupies nearly the centre of it, and divides the river into two great channels: one, the main channel of the Amazon, which runs out by Cayenne; and the other and smaller one, the river of Pará. I imagine that no chart we have gives anything like a correct idea of this bay. The French brig-of-war *Boulonnaise*, some years ago, passed up the main channel from Cayenne to Obidos, and down the Pará channel, making a survey. But she had only time to make a survey of the channels through which she passed, leaving innumerable others unexplored. This she was permitted to do through the liberality of Senhor Coelho, the patriotic president of the province; but when she applied for permission to make further surveys, she was sternly refused by the government of Rio Janeiro. I think it would cost a steamer a year of uninterrupted labour to make a tolerably correct chart of this estuary.'

If our space permitted, we could quote many curious and amusing passages from Mr Herndon's account of the various native tribes of wild Indians, called by the Peruvian and Brazilian settlers *Infidels*—their superstition, their weapons, and their laziness, their enjoyment of life, and their dislike to innovation. Much also that is to be seen, in the way of mountain, forest, and river on this long journey, is either strange or beautiful, or both. The zoology of the region is rich and varied, and Mr Herndon paid especial attention to that department of his mission, as well as to vegetable physiology, which seems to be full of interest in the Valley of the Amazon.

The Peruvian and Brazilian governments, since Mr Herndon's journey, have entered into some small negotiations for establishing steam-boat communication between the Lower and Upper Amazon; but they are too exclusive and monopolising and on too poor a scale to be productive of any real benefit. According to Mr Herndon, it is the Brazilian, and not the Peruvian government that is to blame for this narrow and short-sighted policy. The two largest tributaries of the Amazon—namely, the Rio Negro on the north, by which it is connected with a branch of the Oronoco; and the Madeira on the south, by which it is believed to be connected with the Rio de la Plata—both join the main stream in the Brazilian territory, and their wealth would create great commercial cities at their confluence, and render the Brazilian portion of the Amazon one of the most flourishing countries in the world. But as yet Brazil is blind to its own interest; and it is left to enterprising neighbours, anxious for new markets for buying and selling, to explore and appreciate the commercial and agricultural advantages

of this vast water-shed. We will conclude our remarks with a quotation on this subject from the book before us:—

'I can imagine the waking up of the people on the event of the establishment of steam-boat navigation on the Amazon. I fancy I can hear the crash of the forest falling to make room for the cultivation of cotton, cocoa, rice, and sugar; and the sharp shriek of the saw cutting into boards the beautiful and valuable woods of the country; that I can see the gatherers of India-rubber and copaiba redoubling their efforts, to be enabled to purchase the new and convenient things that shall be presented at the doors of their huts in the wilderness; and even the wild Indian finding his way from his pathless forests to the steam-boat depot, to exchange his collections of vanilla, spices, dyes, drugs, and gums, for the things that would take his fancy—ribbons, beads, bells, mirrors, and gay trinkets.

'Brazil and Peru have entered into arrangements, and bound themselves by treaty, to appropriate money towards the establishment of steam-boat navigation on the Amazon. This is well. It is doing something towards progress; but it is the progress of a denizen of their own forests—the sloth. Were they to follow the example lately set by the republics of the La Plata, and throw open their rivers to the commerce of the world, then the march of improvement would be commensurate with the importance of the act; and these countries would grow in riches and power with the rapidity of the vegetation of their own most fertile lands.

'We, more than any other people, are interested in the opening of this navigation. As has been before stated, the trade of this region must pass by our doors, and mingle and exchange with the products of our Mississippi Valley.

'The greatest boon in the wide world of commerce is in the free navigation of the Amazon, its confluent and neighbouring streams. The backbone of South America is in sight of the Pacific. The slopes of the continent look east, they are drained into the Atlantic; and their rich productions, in vast variety and profusion, may be emptied into the lap of that ocean by the most majestic of water-courses. The time will come when the free navigation of the Amazon, and other South American rivers, will be regarded by the people of this country as second only in importance to the acquisition of Louisiana. Having traversed that watershed from its highest ridges to its very caves and gutters, I find my thoughts and reflections overwhelmed with the immensity of this field for enterprise, commercial prosperity, and human happiness. Had I the honour to be mustered among the statesmen of my country, I would risk political fame and life in the attempt to have the commerce of this noble river thrown open to the world.'

#### HOUSE-HUNTING IN PARIS.

HOUSE-HUNTING is a disagreeable thing all the world over. In England, you are sometimes pestered with requests to purchase fixtures; in the East, you are asked to advance a year's rent, to enable the landlord to finish the roof, or put on doors and shutters; in France, you are required only to make a good show of furniture as security for exact payment, and to administer a fee to the *concierge*. So far, the advantage is on the side of our neighbours. Yet we could not wish our worst enemy a greater punishment—if he has any preconceived ideas at all as to how he should like to be lodged—than to send him on a pilgrimage of this kind through any quarter of Paris. We suppose, of course, that he is of moderate means; for a Milor or a Monte Christo can always find a palace willing to shelter him. Our houseless friend—whose peregrinations we are about to describe—wanted to

lodge himself, his wife, and three or four children, with a *bonne*, for the moderate sum of 500 francs per annum, in a rather dear neighbourhood—the eastern confines of the Faubourg St Germain. We undertook to accompany him.

It is the custom in Paris to give half a quarter's warning, at or before the hour of twelve, on the 14th of February, May, August, or November. The warning comes either from the tenant or the landlord, and must be given in writing. If one party refuses to accept it, a *huissier* is called into requisition, and then no resistance is possible; but unless the tenant be very poor, or have contrived to obtain a long credit, the owner of the house is pretty sure of recovering his rent, for he may detain furniture until he is paid, and sell it off at the end of a year. In most cases, immediately on a quarter becoming due, the porter politely informs his lodgers—for, as everybody knows, not one Parisian in a thousand occupies a whole house—that he has the receipt in his possession, and expects payment. That is a great day for him. He is in the plenitude of his power, ready to smile on the solvent, and to distribute frowns and threats to the backward. Then do all struggling people, who have complained of his negligence, found fault with his interference, talked of appealing to the landlord, snubbed his wife, or been niggardly with their New-year's gifts, repent, often too late, of their want of foresight. Some of the more artful begin to veer round a day or two before, linger before the lodge as they go up or down, smile good-naturedly, talk about the weather, ask what is going on in the neighbourhood, shew intense interest in the quarrel of the pastry-cook with the postman, and if there happen luckily to be a child, produce a real *Baba*, bought at the celebrated confectioner's on the Place de la Bourse. Men are not stocks and stones. Even though the concierge, with the assistance of his wife's superior sagacity, may see the drift of all this diplomacy, he allows himself to be softened. The admission of his power is at anyrate flattering. When the fatal statement, made with a trembling voice, that the rent is not quite ready, comes out, his frown is not very black, and his voice does not assume its harshest tones. He knows that the times are hard—has reason to know it—never made so little in the course of the year before, never received so few presents, never saw so many 'old clothesmen' on his staircase before. The lodger blushes: he has himself given only two francs of *detrennes*, and remembers having sold an old coat and a pair of boots; thinks it necessary to hint that he expects making a good harvest that particular season, in which case all his friends should benefit. If he is a bachelor, he invites Cerberus to play a game of cards with him some evening; but if, like our friend, he is a family-man, he finds it necessary to deplore the hour when he took so many responsibilities on himself. A week or so being thus gained, M. S—, for all these tribulations had happened to him, looked around him; but the more he looked, the more dismal did the prospect appear; and on the 14th of November, his warning was duly delivered, with an intimation, that implacable watch would be kept, so that nothing might be taken away.

It was, therefore, under more than usually dispiriting circumstances that he sallied forth to seek for a new abiding-place. As we have said, we accompanied him. At every door, in every street, of all degrees of respectability, we saw small bills pasted on little square boards, announcing: 'Large Apartments to Let—Inquire of the Porter;' 'Apartments freshly Decorated;' 'Apartments for Bachelors;' 'Small Apartments,' &c. The system of advertising, in this case as in every other, is but slightly developed in France. We have to go from house to house, guessing, from the style of the placard, whether the lodging announced as 'vacant now,' or 'to be vacant at quarter-

day,' belongs or not to the category you feel interested in. 'A Small Apartment to Let,' in a dingy house in the Rue Jacob, struck us as worth inquiring about. We groped down an alley, and in a little cupboard, called a lodge, at the bottom, faintly distinguished an enormous muslin cap, with a pair of spectacles underneath.

'What is the rent of your apartment, madame?'

'Nine hundred francs,' replied a disdainful voice.

Our civil intonation told her at once that that was beyond our figure. For the sake of information we inquired: 'How many rooms?'

'Do you mean to give nine hundred francs?'

'No; but!—'

'Then what matters it how many rooms there are?'

M. S— muttered something about politeness, and drew us away. We now found several other apartments vacant, some of which were within our price. There was a bustling search for keys; and up we went—up, up dark, rugged stairs to fifth and sixth stories, where we generally found the apartments to consist of a few small rooms paved with tiles, many of which were broken; furnished with enormous fire-places, down which the wind roared in a most threatening manner; the walls covered with paper in tatters, which the landlord might consent to paste up; everything dirty and out of order. Who lived there last? A genlarine, a medical man, a littérateur, the celebrated M—, perhaps the well-known Madame—. We said: 'Indeed!' and hastened away, especially as Cerberus casually hinted, that as the last lodger had run away, leaving a chair and chest of drawers to answer for three quarters' rent—or had been taken to the hospital—or had been transported to Cayenne—in each case to the great detriment of M. le Propriétaire, he would be glad to have so respectable-looking a tenant as monsieur, who had doubtless plenty of furniture. S— thought of his threadbare coat, and hurried off with the vague allusions indulged in by shamefaced people about 'thinking over the matter, and calling again'—whispering generally to us, however, that though he was very badly off, he was not yet reduced to put up with such a hole as that.

The ordinary rules of political economy do not seem to have sway in Paris in determining the price of lodgings. In the same street, in houses of exactly similar appearance, you will find apartments as like as two peas, for one of which you may be asked 300, and for the other 400 francs; and what is more extraordinary still, the dear lodging will be found occupied, whilst the cheap one has been deserted for months. No doubt there are other reasons for this than the cupidity of landlords and the caprice of tenants; but we could never discover them. In nearly every case, you will be told, that before the Revolution of February, people willingly paid 30 per cent. more. This has become the fashionable excuse, by the way, of all who have seen better days. M. le Vicomte—, who was ruined in 1846 by betting at Chantilly, traces all his misfortunes to '48; Madame—, the begging widow, who is known to all the Faubourg Poissonnière, now pleads guilty to eighteen more years of prosperity than of yore, and instead of dating her husband's ruin from the fall of Charles X., appeals to warmer sympathies by attributing it to the fall of Louis-Philippe. Before '48, every one was solvent—no tradesmen speculated beyond their means—no notary indulged in forbidden luxuries—no *bourgeoisie* went too often to the Grand Condé; and, in fine, no landlord let his rooms dirt-cheap.

We had drawn these inferences after many hours spent in fruitless search, and in climbing twelve or thirteen stairs, with from eighty to a hundred steps apiece, when we at length, in the Rue Taranne, were informed by the porter, that on the fourth story was 'a charming little apartment,' with salon, three bed-

rooms, a cabinet, and a kitchen, to be let for the sum of 450 francs a year. The prospect was too delightful; and S— went up stairs, looking extremely incredulous. Before reaching the landing, we learned that the apartment was at that time occupied by a young couple who had once been fortunate; who had been accustomed to pay their rent 'ruby on the nail,' as Cerberus expressed it; who had recently met with misfortunes—he being shopman in an establishment which had just failed, she doing embroidery for some ladies who had left town; who owed two quarters; who had of course received warning: it was very unfortunate; but what would you have? Landlords must live. These people were now a disgrace to the house: the man was slovenly; the woman no longer dressed neatly; the lady on the second floor objected to meet them on the staircase. Really it was a pity to take any one into them, they were so miserably poor! This is, but a summary of the narrative which was related to us with convulsive rapidity as we went up stairs; and no doubt it was related to every one who came on a similar errand with ourselves.

The picture had not been painted in extravagant colours. The coarse pencil of the loquacious porter had indeed left out many heightening touches. All the massive articles of furniture, the guarantee for the rent, were still there, though evidently neglected and covered with dust; but we could easily divine that many smaller things had been removed, and no doubt sold. There was a manifest air of incompleteness about the salon. It wanted those little accessories—those artistically disposed knickknacks which indicate the presiding influence of a woman's taste. We looked round as carelessly and as uninquisitively as we could. Madame Chaussade, who had opened the door, went and stared sullenly out of the window: we merely glanced at her, and saw that she was pretty, but pale, and with wearied eyes. Would we like to see the principal bedroom? No? Then we had no intention to take the apartment. Really, gentlemen, look in: a nice bedstead would shew so well in that alcove. M. Chaussade was lying dressed upon the bed, with his face to the wall. We said it was a pity to disturb him. He turned round and sat up: he was not asleep: but the baby was, and he had simply been looking at it. This explanation was the first impulse, for he assumed a surly air immediately afterwards, and seemed on the watch for some impertinent remark to resent. We said little. The apartment was exactly what M. S— wanted. He forgot to moderate his feelings. He would put his sofa there—his bookshelf there. The young man frowned. It was hard to hear a stranger thus taking possession by anticipation of his little nest. Had we not seen enough? Did we want to take an inventory of his furniture? The porter looked stern. We respected the petulance of misfortune, and withdrew. Madame Chaussade followed us to the landing. Had we set our hearts on her apartment? Did we mean to take it at once? If we did not, and if something happened, perhaps they might stay.

This was almost an appeal; but S—, in his selfish delight at having found a comfortable place of refuge, disregarded it; and as soon as we were down stairs, paid the porter his fee, and took the apartment—conditionally, however, on his being able to shew a proper amount of furniture. We asked if there was any chance that the fortunes of the Chaussades would change. 'Mon-sieur,' said the porter, 'I am an old man, and have observed this—when once misfortune enters a family, it never goes out of it. Who ever knew a person who had lost his situation, and owed two quarters' rent, besides the current one, getting off without giving up his furniture?' We never had; besides, the worthy gentleman had accepted our money, and if the inquiries he had to make were satisfactory—resulting in a chest of drawers, various chairs, tables, and so forth—why,

he would stick by his promise, and the Chaussades must roost elsewhere.

When the fee or *denier à Dieu* has been given to a porter, it can be withdrawn or returned within twenty-four hours; but afterwards not. We made our way back towards the Rue de Bac with the news of our success. Madame S— did not share her husband's exultation. The question was, how were they to make one set of furniture answer for the debts—the one already incurred, and the other to be incurred? When this matter was arranged, she was still not satisfied. The idea of replacing the unhappy family we described was unpleasant. It would prove of evil omen. We almost agreed with her, and spent the evening gloomily in talking of the fearful struggles through which some young couples are compelled to pass on the way to fortune or the hospital. Next morning, as S— afterwards related, M. Chaussade, neatly dressed, called upon him; he had obtained another situation, and had been enabled to come to an arrangement with his landlord, conditional on the new tenant's consent: Would monsieur be so kind and generous as to withdraw the retaining-fee, and not oblige his wife—he would not plead for himself—to undergo the fatigue and pain of quitting the apartment where they had lived ever since their marriage? This was a hard thing to ask, necessitating many an hour more of weary rambling; but my friend made the sacrifice; and the consequence was, that though he never entered the house as a master, scarcely a week passed that he did not come to me and say: 'Let us go and spend the evening at the Rue Taranne.'

#### THE LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL ALBERT.

A FEW weeks ago, we recounted our experience of the sailing of the Baltic fleet, which we had the privilege of witnessing from the quarter-deck of the *Duke of Wellington*; and it may not be an inappropriate pendant to that picture, to sketch the scene and accessories, when the brother—for we cannot bring ourselves to call so masculine a thing as the *Duke of Wellington* 'she'—of that noble and stately man-of-war was launched at the Mother Dock, as Woolwich was formerly styled, in the presence of the Queen, and a host of glittering ambassadors, nobles, and officers.

Among the list of 'sights,' there are few more imposing than that of the launch of a huge man-of-war. Contemplating the mountain-like mass, which rises nearly a hundred feet from the ground, and bearing in mind that the weight to be moved is 4000 tons, it is indeed a rare triumph of skill to animate that mass with life, and by causing it to obey the laws of gravity, send it gliding gently, yet surely, down an inclined plane, until it is cradled in its watery home.

Having frequently witnessed this imposing spectacle, we resolved on this occasion to *feel* a launch, instead of seeing it; and applying to a friend at the Admiralty, we were favoured with a card, of which the following is a copy:—

LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL ALBERT,  
ON SATURDAY, MAY 13, AT ONE O'CLOCK.  
ADMIT ONE  
TO BE  
LAUNCHED ON BOARD.

The true Londoner is a sight-loving animal. We pause not to prove our proposition, for we conceive no one will question the fact. Had we space, we might enter into a pleasant psychological argument to shew why he is of necessity partial to all shows, even to that which, with all his ardour, is, fortunately, at its last gasp—namely, the Lord Mayor's show, which glimmers



through November fogs and smoke a ghastly mockery of the real.

Were any person, however, disposed to dispute what we have advanced, we much wish the sceptic could have been with us on the above 13th of May, at nine o'clock in the morning, the place being that most uncomfortable locality, the very small first-class booking-office of the North Kent Railway. The directors of that line, with a careful eye to business, and in hopes of somewhat increasing their lean dividend, had announced by every available channel to the people of London, that they would be most happy to carry them down to Woolwich every ten minutes by their trains; and as the dock-yard gates are very near to the Woolwich Station, it was only reasonable to conclude that many thousands would avail themselves of so apparently easy a method of attaining the desired goal.

But we must suppose that the said directors are unwilling to be regarded as superior to their brethren of the South-western in intelligence; or perhaps they did not consider that so many claims would have been made upon them for accommodation, for all the confusion we described as having prevailed at the Waterloo Station on the occasion of the departure of the excursion-train to Portsmouth to see the Baltic fleet, was here repeated, with some additional annoyance of a peculiarly stupid nature. After undergoing fearful pressure in the booking-office, which did not tend to put people in good-humour either with themselves or their neighbours, we were told to go to a certain platform, by the side of which the carriages would come to convey us to Woolwich. This, however, turned out to be the wrong platform; and when the directors had squeezed some thousand people on the narrow ledge, all in a state of eager expectation looking out for the carriages, these were seen at another platform from which we were separated by lofty rails. It may be supposed that the rush which now took place gave rise to a scene of terrible struggling and confusion, in which the weak and the ladies fared badly. It may have been highly diverting to the said directors, if, as we shrewdly suspect, they were ensconced in their board-room, looking at the tumult their stupid or malicious officials had created; but what may have been fun to them was death to the hopes of many of the party in the struggle, who failed in obtaining seats. But, independently of this disappointment, it was sad to witness the manner in which the elegant dresses of the ladies were destroyed by getting over the rails. It may not have been painful to the feelings of some fair girls, who, even at the risk of spoiling a flounce, had thus so good an opportunity of displaying a pretty foot faultlessly sandalled; but we take it, that the majority of ladies—for, alas! pretty feet are rare—would have much preferred walking soberly through open gates to the carriages.

It may convey some idea of the confusion, when we state that, having no ladies to protect, we ourselves—and we are not puny Cockneys—failed in storming a first-class carriage, and were glad to put into the more humble port of a third-class, although we had paid the highest fare.

On arriving at Woolwich, we found the dock-yard gates besieged by thousands of fortunate ticket-holders, and others not so fortunate; and passing with the

crowd through the gates, we wended our way to the scene of attraction. There was no possibility of mistaking the locality, for it was made brilliantly conspicuous by innumerable flags, streaming from the summit of the shed within which reposed the gigantic ship. Around the latter were rows of seats amphitheatrically arranged, and divided into compartments—those nearest the Queen's and next the stern of the ship being the most eligible, and, consequently, placed at the disposal of the aristocracy. High over all rose the vast vessel, terminated at the bow by the colossal bust of Prince Albert—twenty feet long and six broad.

Presenting our pass, we ascended convenient but very numerous steps, and arrived at length upon the upper-deck. From that position, however, elevated though it was, there was nothing to be seen but the plain-like deck, for the bulwarks rose above the height of a man. Those, therefore, who had not the entrée to the stern-galleries saw little; but before requesting the reader to accompany us to that locality, let us ask him to join us in a ramble over the ship, which possesses the great interest of being the largest man-of-war in the world. The extreme length of the *Royal Albert* is 276 feet, which exceeds that of the *Duke of Wellington* by 30 feet; her breadth is 61 feet; her burden nearly 4000 tons; and when equipped, she will weigh no less than 5500 tons. There are five decks, beneath the lowest of which will be placed the stores, the magazine, and the machinery. The *Royal Albert* will be provided with a screw weighing 15 tons, turned by trunk-engines of 500 horse-power.

The armament will be arranged as follows:—On the lower-deck there will be ten 8-inch guns for firing shells or hollow shot, and twenty-six long 32-pounder guns; on the middle-deck, six 8-inch guns and thirty 32-pounders; on the main-deck, thirty-eight 32-pounders; and on the upper-deck, twenty 32-pounders; on the forecastle, there will be two traversing 68-pounders; and when we remember that these can be brought to bear at the enormous distance of three miles, their effect may be imagined.

Contrasting this prodigious force with men-of-war in former days, the mind is lost in amazement; and we must not forget that these had also to act under the disadvantage of being unprovided with the auxiliary power of steam. And yet, comparatively small as men-of-war then were, they rendered good service; for it is recorded, that during the last war, the navy of England captured or destroyed 156 sail of the line, 382 large frigates, and 662 corvettes; and at the date of September 1811, there stood on the Admiralty books no less than 4023 commercial ships, measuring 536,240 tons, all of which had been captured as lawful prizes by our fleets.

The strength of such ships as the *Duke of Wellington* and the *Royal Albert* can be appreciated only by seeing them before the ships have received their armaments. The mere timber and iron in the hull alone of the *Royal Albert* is calculated to weigh 3000 tons, which is so disposed by trussing and diagonal bracing, as to render the ship literally a tower of strength. The result is a stupendous monument of human ingenuity; and that skill is not the less worthy of admiration which impels such a mass from its birthplace to its future ocean-home.

Formerly, ere science had given man a power unknown to our forefathers, the task of launching a ship was a tedious and laborious operation. Large vessels were usually floated out of the dock in which they were built, but now the beautiful operation of launching is performed in all cases; and as the manner of effecting this may not be generally known, we will briefly

describe it. To facilitate the launch, and prevent any check, the ship is supported by two strong platforms, laid with a gradual inclination to the water under her keel, to which they are parallel. Upon the surface of this declivity are placed two corresponding ranks of planks, which compose the base of a frame called the cradle, the upper part of which envelops the ship's bottom, to which it is securely attached. This cradle lies flat lengthwise upon the frame below; and being intended to slide downward upon it, carrying the ship along with it, both surfaces are well greased. The necessary preparations for the launch being made, all the blocks and wedges by which the ship is supported are driven out from under her keel, till her whole weight gradually subsides upon the platforms above described, which are called 'the ways.' The shores and stanchions by which she is retained upon the stocks till the period approaches for launching, are at length driven away, and jack-screws, if necessary, are applied to move her. The motion usually begins the instant the shores are knocked down, and the ship slides downwards along the ways, which are prolonged under the surface of the water to a sufficient depth to float her as soon as she arrives at the extremity. Sometimes, however, a large ship will not wait for the final operation of knocking away the dog-shores, but starts off with an impetus which no available force can restrain; and, on the other hand, it occasionally happens that even when the dog-shores are gone, the ship hangs, and this, as we shall see, was the case with the *Royal Albert*.

And now, let us regain our position on the highest stern-gallery, sixty-six feet above the water.

ASTOUNDING was the view that burst upon us as we passed from the cabin to this locality. Before us was the Thames, literally covered with craft of all descriptions, freighted with dense crowds of human beings, and decorated with gay flags; while beyond, the Essex shore presented a long black line of spectators. As time wore on, the seats beneath us became occupied; and long before the time appointed for the launch, the vast space around the ship was filled, and presented, from the varied and gorgeous uniforms of officers, and the dresses of the numerous ladies, an appearance not unlike a gigantic flower-bed. Ambassadors were conspicuous from their ribbons and stars; and amongst them, the Turkish minister, with his Fez and diamond orders, attracted much attention.

Meanwhile, the tide was rapidly rising, and expectation was at its height, when distant cheers, and a salute from the Woolwich batteries, announced the arrival of the Queen. The bands, one of which was stationed on the quarter-deck, played the national air, and in a few minutes the Court, attended by the Lords of the Admiralty, and a brilliant staff of officers, appeared on the crimson platform immediately beneath us. The scene at that moment was of the most magnificent description, and was certainly one of the finest features of the day. Her Majesty—leaning on Prince Albert's arm—and the royal family were now conducted along a crimson cloth-covered gangway, preceded by those very extraordinary court-buffoons who in state-ceremonies perform, though not gracefully, the art of walking backwards. On the present occasion, their evolutions were more than usually awkward, in consequence, it is to be presumed, of the narrow field for the exhibition of their powers, bounded as it was on one side by the water.

On arriving on the stage at the bow of the ship, Sir James Graham explained to the Queen the mode of performing the baptismal rite, and the small suspended bottle was pointed out to her. This was formed of clear crystal, filled with sherry, and covered with fine Honiton lace, having wreaths of roses, thistles, and shamrocks twined round it. Somehow or other, the Queen failed twice in breaking the bottle; but the

third attempt succeeded, and Her Majesty having named the ship, emphatically exclaimed: 'God bless the *Royal Albert*!' and returned to the royal booth to witness the launch. To have classically completed this part of the ceremony, Her Majesty should have poured out a libation to the god Neptune, to whom offerings were always made by the Romans, and from which the custom of breaking a vessel of wine at a launch has been derived.

The ship being now christened, and the blocks removed, it only remained to knock away the dog-shores; and soon a dull heavy sound announced that this had been effected. Every one now stood motionless, awaiting in breathless silence the movement of the ship; but although we gazed intently on an object below and on a line with the stern-gallery, it was evident, notwithstanding repeated exclamations: 'She moves!—she's off!' that she stirred not.

Great anxiety was now depicted on the face of the spectators. The tide was at its height; and the moments of suspense seemed like hours. How Mr Rice, the master-shipwright, felt, we know not; but being naturally, it is said, a nervous man, his condition was not to be envied. During this most painful suspense, which lasted about ten minutes, great exertions were made by means of jack-screws to move the ship; and presently we heard a tremendous rush of feet along the deck, which reverberated like thunder under the arched roof of the shed, and, as we heard, created no slight alarm among the ladies beneath, who, finding that the ship was not disposed to move lengthways, fancied she might topple over and extinguish them.

But happily the rush of a thousand persons on board towards the stern had the desired effect. Standing where we were, we felt at first a singular kind of trembling motion, which, subsiding, gave place to a slow but gradually increasing downward movement, and amid the shouts of the excited multitude, the roar of cannon, and the crash of the bands, which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, curiously blended *God save the Queen* with *Rule Britannia*, we saw the waters beneath us open and divide as the *Royal Albert* ploughed her now irresistible course into that element in which, we trust, she will soon gather abundance of laurels for Britannia's brow.

From our position at the extreme stern, the spectacle and sensation were alike extraordinary. We seemed to be rushing onwards and downwards with a force which could only terminate in the destruction of ourselves and the innumerable ships before us; but by degrees our speed slackened, and when the huge vessel was fairly afloat, her buoyancy caused her to rise in proportion to the extent which she had descended. But the first attempts to check her were curiously ineffective. The thick ropes snapped like threads, leaving a momentary flash of light from the water which was dashed from them as they gave way. Stronger ropes were now used, and presently a steamer came to tow us to a hulk; but so large an amount of force remained to be overcome, that we drifted far from the dock-yard before the steamer acquired any control.

At length, however, the *Royal Albert* was secured; and as we came alongside of the hulk, hundreds of boats, at the risk of being crushed, made their appearance under us to take us on shore.

We shall not soon forget descending the side of the *Royal Albert*; for the operation having to be effected for a considerable portion of the distance by slipping down a rope, we became sensibly aware of the great distance between the water and the main-deck, from a porthole on which we had emerged. This feat, however, we accomplished in safety, having fortunately allowed some impatient fellows who preceded us to remove, by the friction of their hands, the tar which rather liberally coated the rope; and then rowing to shore, we had an

excellent opportunity of contemplating the enormous proportions of this noble addition to our navy, which appeared like a Triton among the minnows around her.

#### A FEW FACTS ABOUT EMERY.

We see around us, on all sides, proof that nothing is obviously and necessarily insignificant. A material or substance, how little soever it may be valued to-day, may to-morrow become an object of interest, estimated for its usefulness in some particular circumstances. Such must ever be the case while man is picking up his knowledge bit by bit; he acquires new facts, new principles, new laws of nature; his advancing civilisation suggests to him new wants, and his wants suggest new modes of applying his knowledge. This is the mode in which the useful properties of substances are day by day becoming known. But there are other substances which have been employed from very early ages, and yet are regarded by most persons as insignificant trifles to the present day. Who, for instance, knows or cares anything about emery, except the small number of persons actually engaged in its use? What is emery to the minds of nine-tenths of those who take up this sheet? A blackish sort of gritty dust, which aids the housemaid in polishing the fire-irons. Nevertheless, it may be worth knowing that this gritty dust is an object of wealth and importance in the countries where it is found; that without it, our looking-glasses would throw very misty and unwelcome reflections upon us; our telescopes would be wanting in the curvature and polish of the lenses; our spectacles, and eye-glasses, and opera-glasses, would be turbid instead of clear; our lapidaries would be deprived of one of their most useful adjuncts; our bright steel goods would be robbed of their brightness.

It appears that emery was known to the Greeks as a polishing material; and, indeed, the name of the substance in most European countries is derived from the Greek name. The Greeks did not know what the moderns know—that the choice sapphire and ruby, the hard adamantite spar and the humble emery, are almost identically the same substance: it is one of the remarkable facts educed by modern chemistry, that all these four substances consist of about seven-tenths alumina, the rest of the weight being made up by silica and oxide of iron. It is the mode of aggregation of the particles, rather than any difference in composition, that produces such a striking diversity in the appearance of these minerals. In Pliny's time, emery was obtained for the lapidaries and gem-engravers from the island of Naxos; and we believe this island has never since failed to furnish a supply. M. Tournefort and Dr Clarke both described the emery-mines as existing at the times of their respective visits. When Tournefort wrote—nearly a century and a half ago—the emery-mines were situated at the bottom of a valley; but the inhabitants also found emery while ploughing the ground, and carried it down to the sea-coast; it was so cheap, that the English purchased it as ballast for their vessels, paying only a crown for twenty-eight hundredweights of it. Mr Tennant, at the beginning of the present century, spoke of emery commanding, in the London market, a price of about ten shillings per hundredweight, after paying freight from Naxos. Although coming from Naxos, it is generally called Smyrna emery, because it is shipped to England from that port, and as a means of distinguishing it from emery found in the interior of Asia Minor. One of the most remarkable spots in which emery has been found, is on the very summit of a mountain called Gumuch-dagh, about twelve miles from the ruined city of Ephesus. The emery was found scattered about, and projecting above the surface of a kind of bluish marble: on breaking into the marble, it was found in nodules,

something analogous in character to the nuggets of the gold-digger; but lower down, it was in large masses—so heavy, indeed, as thirty or forty tonweights. The isolated masses are more welcome than those imbedded, as being easier of removal.

Our American brethren appear to have paid a good deal of attention to emery. In a periodical called the *Scientific American*, a year or two ago, it is stated that Dr Lawrence Smith, a geologist, while residing at Smyrna in 1847, made the discovery of a deposit of emery not before known. He reported his discovery to the Turkish government; a commission of inquiry was appointed, and the affair soon assumed a commercial character.

The mining of this emery is described as being carried on in a very simple manner—the natural decomposition of the rock in which it occurs facilitating the extraction. The rock decomposes into an earth, in which the emery is found imbedded. The earth in the neighbourhood of the block is generally of a red colour, and serves as a sign or indicator. The block of emery produces a peculiar action on the steed point of the quarrying-rod; and this serves as another indication of the presence of the mineral, when perhaps it is not actually in sight. If the blocks are too hard to be broken by hammers into pieces of convenient size, they are exposed to the action of fire for several hours, which diminishes their cohesive tendency. As there are no means of bringing the emery from the mines except on the backs of horses or camels, it frequently happens that enormous masses are left behind, from inability either to break or to carry them.

The effects of monopoly and of new discovery on the price of emery are remarkable and instructive. The emery found in Naxos belongs to the Greek government, while that found in Asia Minor belongs to the Turkish government; and both governments seek, of course, to realise a profit out of it. The Naxos emery, from the beginning of the present century to 1835, sold for about L.6 to L.8 per ton; but in or near the last-named year, a monopoly of the emery was purchased from the Greek government by an English merchant at Smyrna; and this merchant so managed the supply—as the coal-owners of Northumberland and Durham are often accused of doing in respect to a mineral of much greater importance—as to command almost any price he pleased; from L.7 it rose in a few years to L.30 per ton. But when, in 1847, Dr Smith, whose attention was drawn to the subject by a Smyrniote knife-grinder, discovered the mines near Smyrna, the Naxos monopoly received a check. The monopoly of the new mines was sold by the Turkish government to another merchant at Smyrna; and the rivalry between the two merchants brought down the price to L.20, L.15, L.10; and it is expected that, by a modification of the grant made by the Turkish government, the price will become much lower. The shipowners will bring the emery to England at a very low charge, as it serves as ballast to ships which come home less heavily laden than when they go out. Here, as everywhere, the spirit of unchecked monopoly shews itself in its true colours. But—*revenons à nos moutons*.

In the preparation of emery for purposes of manufacture, it has to pass through many carefully conducted operations. The masses are first broken up into smaller lumps by hammers, aided by the action of fire in some few cases; and they are then crushed still smaller by stampers worked on the principle of ore-stampers. The emery leaves the stampers in a more angular and irregular shape than if the crushing had been effected by rollers; and this angularity is considered to aid the subsequent processes. When the crushing is completed, the emery is sifted through sieves or cylinders, made of wire-gauze for the largest grains, but of lawn for the smallest: the wire-gauze varies from twelve to 120 meshes to an inch; the largest kind thus sifted is about



the size of mustard-seed; but emery is sometimes prepared for engineers in grains as large as pepper-corns. In the stamping-room, a fine dust settles on the beams and shelves; and this is occasionally collected to form the very finest emery. It affords a singular proof of the extensive use of emery, that every degree of fineness has its own particular name, and its own particular applicability in the arts. There are, for instance, corn emery, coarse-grinding emery, grinding emery, fine-grinding emery, super-grinding emery, coarse-flour emery, flour emery, fine-flour emery, super-flour emery. The engineers, and especially the optical instrument-makers, are very particular concerning the degrees of fineness in the emery prepared by or for them, to adapt the means to the end in view. Plate-glassmakers require a large quantity of emery, wherewith to grind their large plates of glass; and the emery-powder for this purpose is brought to a still finer and more equable state by a process of washing. This is effected in a curious way. A dozen or more of copper cylinders are ranged side by side; they are of equal height, but vary from three to forty inches in diameter; they have small troughs or channels connecting them one with another at the top; and the largest has a waste-pipe near the top. The cylinders being all filled with clean water, and the emery-powder being well mixed with water in another vessel, the emery-cream, if it may be so termed, is allowed to flow slowly through a pipe into the smallest cylinder; the greater part of it flows out again at the channel into the second cylinder, but in its passage it deposits the largest grains of emery, which fall to the bottom. So it passes on from one cylinder to another, depositing finer and finer particles as the diameter of the cylinder becomes larger; and the finest of all is found ultimately in the forty-inch or largest cylinder. The emery is thus separated into sizes, and is collected and dried for use. In the plate-glass factories, the plates, rough and uneven from the casting-table, are ground one upon another with sand and water between them; they are brought level, but the surface is dull and scratched, and the polishing is effected by means of this emery-powder—coarse at first, then finer and finer.

The test sometimes employed to determine the hardness of emery, is rather remarkable. The mineral seems to consist of corundum and iron; but its colour, varying from dark-gray to black, is no decisive test of its quality. Its hardness, on which its value depends, is thus ascertained:—Fragments are broken off and crushed in a diamond mortar; the powder is sifted through a sieve, having 400 holes to the inch, and is weighed. A circular piece of glass, about four inches in diameter, is weighed, and the pulverised emery is rubbed against it by means of a piece of agate. After this has been done a certain number of times, the emery and the glass are weighed a second time, whereby it is ascertained how much glass has been worn off by the friction of the emery. Three or four samples of emery are treated in the same way, and under similar conditions; and the sample which rubs off the greatest amount of glass in a given time, is concluded to be the hardest. Dr Lawrence Smith has found that, while good emery will wear away about half the thickness of common window-glass, blue sapphire will wear away four-fifths, proving how much harder sapphire is than emery. What is the test employed by ordinary dealers, we do not know; but Dr Smith was induced to adopt this method, because agate is hard enough to crush emery, and glass is soft enough to be ground by emery. The test is not really dependent on the time or violence of the friction, for as soon as the emery becomes very fine, it ceases to wear away the glass at all, and therefore the quantity worn is definite.

Emery-paper, emery-cloth, emery-stick, emery-cake—all, as their names import, derive their value from the emery-powder distributed over them; and all are

employed for the abrading or frictive action which they produce. Emery-paper is very little else than grains of emery glued down upon paper. The paper is a somewhat coarse but tough material, made on purpose; the emery employed has about six different degrees of fineness, varying from thirty to ninety mesh in an inch, to suit various manufacturing purposes. A warm solution of size or thin glue is brushed over the paper, and the emery-powder is dusted on it through a sieve. When used by artisans, this emery-paper is not usually held open in the hand, but is wrapped round a file or a piece of wood, and is used like a file: it cuts more smoothly if moistened with oil. Emery-cloth differs from emery-paper chiefly in the use of thin calico or cotton instead of paper; it is prepared in the same way; it is preferred for household and other purposes, where it is applied by the hand alone, on account of greater durability; but smiths and engineers generally prefer emery-paper. We may here remark that glass-paper and glass-cloth, sand-paper and sand-cloth, are varieties possessing different qualities, according to the hardness of the particles employed; but the rubbing or polishing action is observable in all. The third kind mentioned above, emery-stick, is formed of a straight piece of wood, square or rounded at the edges, according to the purpose for which it is to be used; temporary handles are made at each end, by nails or wires; the stick is brushed over with warm glue, and is then dipped or rolled in a heap of emery-powder; sometimes two doses of glue and emery are given; and the emery-stick so produced is much more durable than emery-paper wrapped round a stick or file. The fourth variety, emery-cake, consists of emery mixed with bees-wax into a solid lump; the ingredients are well stirred while the wax is warm; and after being solidified by plunging into cold water, the mixture is kneaded by the hand, and rolled into lumps. The emery-cake thus prepared is not used in this form, but is applied to the edges of luff-wheels and glaze-wheels for polishing cutlery and other goods.

There is another kind of material—'patent emery razor-strop paper,' which is made in a different manner from ordinary emery-paper. Fine emery and glass are mixed with paper-pulp, and made into sheets of paper which contain the two gritty materials in their very substance; so much so, indeed, that the emery and the glass weigh more than the paper-pulp. Such paper, pasted or glued down upon a piece of wood, and slightly moistened with oil, forms a good razor-strop. It has been suggested that the leaves of an ordinary metallic memorandum-book, which have a somewhat granular texture, might in emergency be made available for a similar purpose, the fine hard particles in the paper having the power of wearing away steel.

Emery-wheels are sometimes made by a process patented in England about a dozen years ago. These wheels are the discs or 'lap-wheels' used in grinding, polishing, and cutting glass, enamels, and metals. The wheels are made by mixing coarse emery-powder and pulverised Stourbridge clay in water, to the consistency of a thick paste; the paste is pressed into a mould of a proper wheel-form; and when removed from the mould, it is dried and baked. The clay binds together the emery particles into a mass, which cuts rapidly, and yet wears away slowly. By using emery of greater fineness, wheels are formed which cut less quickly, though more smoothly.

It is just possible that a question may here and there arise, whether *Tripoli* or *rotten-stone* be a variety of the same substance as emery. An answer to such a supposed question may not be amiss. The two minerals are entirely distinct. Rotten-stone is really a rotten stone; and it is called *Tripoli* because it was first brought from that country. It is found in slaty rocks at one place, in chaledony at another, in coal-strata at another, in thin beds of pitch-stone at another, in shale

at another; and this diversity of position led to various opinions concerning the nature and origin of rotten-stone. Some thought it to be a silicious mineral, some an aluminous mineral; some deemed it to be of volcanic origin, while others believed it to have been deposited from a liquid as a sediment. It is now supposed by mineralogists that rotten-stone is produced by the disintegration of a particular variety of limestone, probably black marble: the disintegration having been brought about by the combined action of moisture and air. At Bakewell, in Derbyshire, the rotten-stone found in the limestone district presents two very different appearances: the 'hard' variety, as the quarrymen call it, occurs in detached nodular lumps, dispersed through the débris of the limestone, and has an indurated and somewhat stony consistency, an earthy texture, a shell-like fracture, a smooth and rather greasy feel, and a colour between yellow and brownish gray; whereas the 'soft' variety, occurring as a kind of spongy earth under the débris of the limestone, has a loose and powdery substance, a greater roughness to the touch, and qualities more resembling those of earth than of rock. But the most wonderful discovery concerning rotten-stone is that which has been made by Ehrenberg, that extraordinary observer whose microscope is making such unexpected revolutions in the world of science. He has found that the rotten-stone of Bohemia and Tuscany is actually a product of organic nature; that it is composed of the exuvie, or rather the skeletons of infusoria of the family *Bacillaria* and genera *Cocconeia*, *Gonphonema*, &c. Ehrenberg is said to possess the power of defining them with such distinctness in his microscope, that he can trace their analogy with living species; and in many cases he finds the species to be identical—a curious and wonderful study: life turned into stone! And what is the size of these once living creatures? The length is stated to be about  $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of a line; and as a line is about a twelfth part of an English inch, we find that these minute beings must have been less than a three-thousandth part of an inch in length!—a speck of dust to all but the eyes of an Ehrenberg.

#### IS IT PAINFUL TO DIE?

According to my observation, the mere act of dying is seldom, in any sense of the word, a very painful process. It is true that some persons die in a state of bodily torture, as in cases of tetanus; that the drunkard, dying of delirium-tremens, is haunted by terrific visions; and that the victim of that most horrible of all diseases, hydrophobia, in addition to those peculiar bodily sufferings from which the disease has derived its name, may be in a state of terror from the supposed presence of frightful objects, which are presented to him as realities, even to the last. But these, and some other instances which I might adduce, are exceptions to the general rule—which is, that both mental and bodily suffering terminate long before the scene is finally closed. Then as to the actual fear of death, it seems to me that the Author of our existence, for the most part, gives it to us when it is intended that we should live, and takes it away from us when it is intended that we should die. Those who have been long tormented by bodily pain, are generally as anxious to die as they ever were to live. So it often is with those whose life has been protracted to an extreme old age, beyond the usual period of mortality, even when they labour under no actual disease.—*Psychological Inquiries*.

#### THE FATHER OF SANITARY REFORM.

About eighteen hundred years ago, Plutarch discharged the duties of 'commissioner of sewers and public buildings' in his native city of Cheronæa. The very fashionable people sneered at the 'commissioner,' and wondered that a gentleman should stoop to anything so low; the ordinary common-sense sort of people thought it odd that a philosopher should degrade himself into a puddle-policeman;

while Plutarch's most intimate friends, who seem to have had a good deal of sarcastic humour, delighted to remind him of the remarkably exalted office to which his genius had raised him. On one of these occasions, the honest biographer made a reply worthy to be adopted as the motto of all sanitary reformers. 'It is not for myself,' said he, 'that I do these things, but for my country. The usefulness takes off the disgrace; and the meaner the office I sustain, the greater the compliment I pay to the public.'—*The Commonwealth (Glasgow newspaper)*.

#### THE FIRST SWALLOWS.

Thy calm eyes smiling to my own,  
Thy quiet tones more blithely sweet,  
Dear friend—than when an hour ago  
I watched the billows at thy feet;

Twin swallows in the April sky  
Set inland saw you, fronting west?—  
Twin stranger-birds that risk to try  
The haven of their summer rest?

A truer moral, and more bright,  
Those pilgrims shewed you, than I brought  
From the green ramparts on the height  
Where old-world nations earlier fought—

So very still 'neath any sky!  
So calm beside the unresting sea:—  
Why nobly live, or work, or die,  
If ever thus the end shall be?

If life but hold through measured range  
Of time and strife, self-nurturing doom,  
And every mocking form of change  
Repeat the ruin and the tomb?

Reply that fits the question best  
All things that breathe and bloom can give—  
The earth, through round of work and rest,  
Ripens, in loftier phase to live,

A blossom, or a bird on wing—  
Like those swift pinions west unfurled,  
Speaks promise, and each later spring  
Symbols a still progressive world.

M. P.

WAREHAM.

#### PHILANTHROPIC POLICY.

Not long since, the Russians, in effect, withdrew their prohibition of the slave-trade, though they nominally retain it. Their mode of proceeding was essentially Russian. Turkish vessels are allowed to come to Anapa to purchase and carry away young Circassians to any extent, but under the condition, that they are all entered as Russian subjects travelling to Trebizond or Constantinople, and provided with Russian passports. They have therefore a right always to claim the protection of the Russian ambassadors or consuls in Turkey. The philanthropic Muscovites had, of course, no other view than the providing for the good usage of the slaves, otherwise it might have been esteemed a clever stroke of policy to spread persons who should regard Russia as their natural protector, through every harem, and in many high offices of state, to which the Circassian and Georgian youths often rise in Turkey.—*Westminster Review*.

#### ERRATUM.

The new church mentioned at the close of the 'Month' in No. 21, belongs to the Irvingites. The Rev. Christopher Heath is the Angel of that church, not Mr Drummond.

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